

The Romance of Western History.

Where is the West? Like the indefinable horizon, it is continually retreating. We thought it was but a short way off, and now it is beyond the Mississippi, and far away on the shores of the Pacific. The islands of the Ocean, and then the Old World, East, will be our West!

To those of our readers who are new to this region we would say that Ohio and Kentucky were, only a short generation since, the West; then Indiana and Illinois were the Far West! It was in those days, and in the Valley of the Ohio, that Judge Hall told the scenes of a very interesting volume called "The Romance of Western History." Like all his works, it is elegantly written, smooth and pleasant; but to those whose reminiscences lie back among the Pioneers, or who in their boyhood associated with them this Romance, (albeit less romance than fact,) it has a peculiar zest. It brings up, like a good picture taken in other days, the dress, attitude, and appearance of the old race, who once lived here and struggled through the semi-barbaric period of civilization. It is only by such pictures that we can have knowledge of them, for they can never return.

Let us quote a paragraph or two from this Romance of History, that we may catch a sidelong glance at the old Pioneer. Judge Hall relates a story of (as he understood it) Muldrow, who gave name to Muldrow, still in Kentucky. This man, who was one of the earliest pioneers, had a cabin in one of the rugged activities of the hill or mountain named from him. He had been there a year or two, and was as aching for game, when he saw a small dog running in his track, and supposed an Indian was near. In a few minutes the owner of the dog came stepping cautiously along, glancing jealously around, and making signals to his dog. The owner of him halted in front of the hunter, and full exposed to view. He was a tall, athletic man, completely armed with rifle, tomahawk, and knife, but whether he was a white man or Indian, could not be determined, either by complexion or dress.

"He wore a hunting-shirt and leggings of dressed deer skin, and a hat from which the rim was entirely torn away and the crown elongated into the shape of a sugar loaf. The face, feet and hands, which were exposed, were of the tawny hue of the savage, but whether the color was natural or the effect of exposure could not be ascertained even by the keen eye of the hunter, and the features were so disguised by dirt and gunpowder that their expression afforded no clue by which the question could be decided whether the individual was a friend or foe. There was but a moment for deliberation, and after a hasty scrutiny the pioneer, inclining to the opinion that the stranger was an Indian, cautiously drew up his rifle, and took a deliberate aim; but the bare possibility that he might be pointing his weapon at the bosom of a countryman induced him to pause. Again he raised his gun, and again he hesitated; while his opponent, with his rifle half raised toward him, and his finger on the trigger, looked eagerly around. Both stood motionless and silent, each searching for the object of his pursuit, the other in readiness to fire. At length the hunter, having resolved to delay no longer, cocked his rifle—the tick reached the ear of his opponent, who instantly sprang behind a tree; the hunter imitated his example, and they were now fairly opposed, each covered by a tree, from behind which he endeavored to get a shot at his adversary without exposing his own person. And now a series of stratagems ensued, each seeking to draw the fire of the other, until the stranger, becoming weary of suspense, called out, "Why don't you shoot, you eternal cowardly varmint!" "Shoot yourself, you bloody red-skin," retorted the other. "No more a red-skin than yourself!" "Are you a white man?" "To be sure I am; are you?" "Yes, no mistake in me." Whereupon, each being undecided, they threw down their guns, rushed together with open arms, and took a hearty hug. The hunter now learned that the stranger had been settled with his family about ten miles from him for several months past, and that they had often roamed over the same hunting grounds, each supposing himself the sole inhabitant of that region. On the following day the hunter saddled his horse, and taking up his good wife behind him, carried her down to make a call upon her new neighbor, who doubtless received the visit with far more sincere joy than usually attends such ceremonies."

Such was the solitary and the dangerous life of the pioneers. We will add one incident related of a woman; and, as the same thing in substance was told us by men contemporaneous with this heroic woman, we believe it to be true:

"The females, too, had their exits and their entrances in this bloody drama; and exercised their courage as well as their inventive powers in the practice of strategy. A party of Indians approached a solitary log house with the intention of murdering its inmates. With their usual caution, one of their number was sent forward to reconnoitre, who, discovering the only persons within to be a woman, two or three children, and a negro man, rushed in by himself and seized the negro. The woman caught up an axe, and with a single blow, laid the savage warrior dead at her feet, while the children closed the door, and with ready sagacity employed themselves in fastening it. The rest of the Indians came up, and attempted to force an entrance; but the negro and the children kept the door closed; and the intrepid mother, having no effective weapon, picked up a gun barrel which had neither stock nor lock, and pointed it at the hinges through the apertures between the logs. The Indians, deceived by the appearance of a gun, and daunted by the death of their companion, retired."

"This was a heroic woman, and of such, and in just such a period, were the ancient Spartans.

In conclusion, we desire to add our contribution to what a discriminating public has already given of praise to the labor of Judge Hall. He was one of the earliest to make Western literature respectable, and prove that letters were not unfam'lar to the people of the West.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

As Joe was walking up Washington street yesterday with a friend, who indulges pretty freely in the use of the weed, the latter remarked that he was almost roasted. "No wonder," replied Joe, "as you have been on the spit all the morning."

What is a man's young lady answers, "A thing to wait with; a thing to flirt with; to take one to places of amusement; to laugh at; to be married to; to pay one's bills; to keep one comfortable." Not far from the truth.

Original Anecdotes of Gen. Jackson.

In one of the Indian campaigns, which are not recollected or material to our story, whilst the army was on the march, still in Tennessee, on its way to the scene of war in Alabama, a drafted company was expected daily to overtake the main body of troops. This company at length reached the rear of the train. Information of their approach was immediately carried to the front, where Jackson was at the time. As the messenger passed from rear to front, the fact that this company were without arms, having left their guns at home, was made known along the whole line. It was known to the entire army before it reached Jackson's ears. Curiosity was on tip-toe to know how the irascible commander would act under such circumstances. A storm was anticipated. Soon the General was observed making his way rapidly to the rear, and to the surprise of all parties, seemingly in rather a smiling mood. Finally, he met the company. He saluted them. They looked for a volley of curses, and an immediate dismissal home—the very thing they desired. Not so, however. Old Hickory pulled off his hat, and with the politest and lowest bow, expressed his gratification at their arrival, and especially at the fact that they had no guns. The very men he wanted, just as he desired them—without arms. Forming them for rapid motion, at double quick step, under his own lead, they marched on till a baggage wagon was reached, then halted, and each man was furnished with an axe. Forward march again was the word. As they passed along the line of march, the General's object was seen, and laughter, loud and uproarious, with many a hearty cheer, saluted them as they made their rapid way to the front. There these axemen were at once initiated into their campaign duties.

They cleared the roads, they bridged the creeks, or carried the wagons piece by piece, the baggage, ammunition, &c., over on their backs, when bridges were impassable. They were ever in a post of danger, bearing the burdens of the campaign. Sharing none of its honors, the laughing stock of the whole army.

Another—Old Hickory crossed the Warrior river at the close of the campaign, at Carthage, in Tuscaloosa county. There he halted and rested for the recruit and refreshment of the sick and wounded for a few days. The citizens of Tuscaloosa, then a small village, got up a public dinner to the General. A deputation of militia officers, armed cap a pie, went to Carthage to extend the invitation to Jackson. They found him busy, on foot, near the main road, dismounted, and with well set phrase their spokesman invited him to the dinner.

"For how many have you made provision?" asked Jackson. "For all my men!"

"No, only for yourself and officers."

"By the —, then," replied the old hero, "I nor officer of mine will eat a dinner not provided for all our boys!" Then turning on his heel abruptly, he left them. The poor militia men were sadly discomfited and mortified at this rebuff. A Quartermaster, or his assistant, had laid hands on every horse of the delegation, and claimed them for public service. Furious, they appealed to the General. He declined interfering; could make no distinctions. Other men's horses were taken, why not theirs? was surprised at their want of patriotism, not willing to give up their horses for transportation of the sick and wounded soldiers! The case was hopeless—the weather warm—the military trappings, coat, sword, boots, &c., all unsuited for a long march in the hot and dusty weather. No conveyance, however, could be had. The Generals, Colonels, Majors, and Captains of the Tuscaloosa militia walked to Tuscaloosa.

"And that's the reason," naively added my informant, "why Tuscaloosa, I own, at ways voted against the General."

I believe those anecdotes to be true. They have never been published. The authorities from whom I had them are in every way reliable.

The late —, of Selma, Dallas county, gave me the first in 1838. He was a quartermaster in Jackson's army—he was an enthusiastic admirer of the old hero; politically, at that time, a supporter of Judge White. He represented himself as an eye-witness of the scene.

The second I have from D. E., near Havana, in Greene county, Ala. He is still living. Believes Jackson to have been the greatest man, save Washington, who ever lived. At the time of the occurrence he resided near Carthage. He saw and heard as I have written substantially.

K. [Mobile Mercury.]

TERRIBLE SCENE IN A THEATRE.—A writer from Europa gives the following description of the scene at Leghorn, where in an agony of causeless alarm one hundred men of a crowd were trampled to death and five hundred wounded!

"The house was crowded—the play, 'The Taking of Sevastopol.' The first acts went off well; battery after battery exploded, and the thrilling spectacle made the theatre ring with applause. All eyes were turned to see them take the Malakoff. At last 'twas storm. The soldiers rushed in—then the explosion amid the wildest cheers. At that moment a spark caught the scenes—the blaze—the audience thought it a part of the play, and cheered the louder, the scene was so natural. Alas, it was too perfect. Another moment they saw their mistake; a cry of misery drowned the applause. Higher and higher it rose, maddening the spectators with fright. Five minutes more and the fire was extinguished, but the spectators, like a herd of buffaloes, like a panic-stricken army, like a flock of sheep before wolves, like passengers from a sinking ship, losing all thought but self preservation rushed from their seats. The shrieks of women, the shrill cry of children, the hoarse voices of men, all struggling for life, presented a scene not describable. Some threw themselves from the boxes into the pit, killing themselves and crushing those beneath them. No judgment—no forethought—out of the windows—over the lodges—stamping each other to death. The sentinels were ordered to stop the passage with bayonets. They planted, and those in the front ranks were run through and through, and the soldiers with the rest were mutilated with the feet of hundreds.

An Indiana paper says that during a trial in Lawrence court, a young lad who was called as witness was asked if he knew the obligation of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed "he should go where all the lawyers went."

An old bachelor, who edits a paper out South, heads his list of marriages Melancholy Accidents. The brutal!

Big Mutineers from the Gurs.

Blackwood for November gives a terribly minute account of the modern military punishment of blowing mutineers from the guns in India. We give but a single extract.

Well, then, forty men were to be blown away. I presume, Rhony, that this is a sight which, in your manifold experience of the world, you have never witnessed. It was an awfully imposing scene! All the troops, European and native, armed and disarmed, loyal and disaffected, were drawn up on parade, forming three sides of a square, and drawn up very carefully, you may be sure, so that any attempt on the part of the disaffected to rescue the doomed prisoners would have been easily checked.

Forming the fourth side of the square, were drawn up the guns (9 pounders) ten in number, which were to be used for the execution. The prisoners, under a strong European guard, were then marched into the square—their crimes and sentences read aloud to them, and at the head of each regiment; they were then marched round the square, and up to the guns. The first ten were picked out—their eyes were bandaged, and they were bound to the guns, their backs leaning against the muzzle, and their arms fastened to the wheels. The portfires were lighted, and at a signal from the Artillery-Major, the guns were fired. It was a horrid sight that then met the eye: a regular shower of human fragments of heads, of arms, of legs, appeared in the air through the smoke, and when that cleared away, these fragments lying on the ground—fragments of Hindoos, and fragments of Mussulmans, all mixed together, were all that remained of those ten mutineers. Three times more was this scene repeated; but so great is the disgust we all feel for the atrocities committed by the rebels, that we had no room in our hearts for any feeling of pity; perfect callousness was depicted on every European's face; a look of grim satisfaction could even be seen in the countenances of the gunners serving the guns. But far different was the effect on the native portion of the spectators; their black faces grew ghastly pale as they gazed breathlessly at the awful spectacle. You must know that this is nearly the only form in which death has any terrors for a native. If he is hung, or shot by musketry, he knows that his friends or relatives will be allowed to claim his body, and will give him the funeral rites required by his religion; if a Hindoo, that his body will be burned with all due ceremonies; and if a Mussulman, that his remains will be decently interred, as directed in the Koran. But if sentenced to death in this form, he knows that his body will be blown into a thousand pieces, and that it will be altogether impossible for his relatives, however devoted to him, to be sure of picking up all the fragments of his own particular body; and the thought that perhaps a limb of some one of a different religion to himself might possibly be burned or buried with the remainder of his own body, is agony to him. But notwithstanding this, it was impossible for the mutineers' direct hatred not to feel some degree of admiration for the way in which they met their deaths.

Nothing in their lives became them like the leaving of them. Of the whole forty, only two showed any signs of fear, and they were bitterly reproached by the others for so disgracing their race. They certainly did give men. After the first ten had been disposed of, the next batch, who had been looking on all the time, walked up to the guns quite calmly and unflinchingly, and allowed themselves to be blindfolded and tied up without moving a muscle, or showing the slightest signs of fear, or even concern. When had these men this strength? Their religion, bad as it may be and is, in all other points, at least befriends them well at the hour of death; it teaches them well that great and useful lesson, how to die. It is their religion that supports them, for there is no native, however low in the scale of society—however deeply sunk in vice, in debauchery, and in crime—but acknowledges and prizes the form of some sort of religion. Even in the midst of his crimes he acknowledges a God, and calls on that God to sustain him at the hour of his death. We had several execution parades after this, but all on a smaller scale. At one of these, a havidar (native sergeant) who had been convicted of serious correspondence with one of the hill tribes, and sentenced to be blown away, was tied up to the gun, and then offered his life if he would turn. Queen's evidence, and give up the names of the other traitors in his regiment. With his back leaning against the cold muzzle of the gun which he knew was loaded for his death, and with the smell of the lighted portfire in his nostrils, he hesitated for a short time, and was almost giving in; but no—the feeling of honor, of loyalty to his comrades, to his fellow traitors, was stronger in him than fear of death. Faithless as he had been to us, he was faithful to them; he refused to reveal anything, and met his doom with a firmness worthy of a better cause.

The New Hall of the House of Representatives was lighted up on Wednesday evening last, and numerous persons of both sexes availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded to witness the effect. It was certainly striking and beautiful, and was considered, we believe, by every spectator to be entirely successful. The open squares in the ceiling number forty-five, disposed in five rows, containing nine each. Each square has concentric with it a smaller square, around which are disposed twenty-eight burners, making twelve hundred and sixty burners in all. But besides these, which, when a full head of gas is put on, supply a most clear and brilliant light, the curved carriers which are used for lighting the squares may be used, augmenting the light from the square a fifth or a fourth. Several demonstrations of the facility with which the whole can be lighted were afforded last evening, and showed that the entire room can be lighted in the astonishingly short time of twenty seconds. We understand that this method of lighting is due to the original conception of Capt. M. C. Meigs, in charge of the Capitol Extension. The whole number of jets employed in the lighting is forty-five thousand. The quantity of pipe used (in the skylight alone) is nearly three-quarters of a mile in extent.—*Nation and Intelligence.*

An enterprising merchant tailor, named Buckman, located at Mechanic Falls, Pennsylvania, has hit upon a new expedient for advertising his goods. At all the cross roads within several miles of his place of business, he has nailed boards bearing the following notice:—"Miles to Buckman's Fashionable Clothing and Shoe Store."

One of the certificates of death, written by a "physician of large practice," received at the city inspector's office, New York, reads as follows: Mrs. Karolyne Dowther aged five months and at days died with deficiency of life to-day under my attendance.

THE SNAKE THAT SWALLOWED A HORSE.—In the province of Goyaz, Brazil, Dr. Gardner wrote to the *fasciola* of Sape, situated at the foot of the Sierra de Santa Brida, near the entrance to a small valley. Dr. G. remarked that in this valley and throughout this province the *fasciola* attains an enormous size, sometimes reaching forty feet in length; the large which he saw measured thirty-seven feet, but was not alive. It had been taken under the following circumstances: "Some weeks before our arrival at Sape," writes Dr. G., "the favorite riding horse of Senhor Lagos, which had been put out to pasture not far from the house, could not be found, although strict search was made for it all over the fazenda. Shortly after this, one of his vaqueros, (herdsmen,) in going through he wood by the side of a small stream, saw an enormous serpent suspended in the fork of a tree which hung over the water. It was dead, but had evidently been looted down alive by a recent flood, and bang in an inert state, it had not been able to extricate itself from the fork before the waters fell. It was dragged out to the open country by two horses, and was found to measure 37 feet in length. On opening it, the bones of a horse in a somewhat broken condition, and the flesh in a half digested state, were found within; the bones of the head were unimpaired. From these circumstances we conclude that the box had swallowed the horse entire. In all kinds of snakes the capacity for swallowing is prodigious. I have often seen one not thicker than my thumb swallow a frog as large as my fist; and I once killed a rattlesnake, four feet long, and of no great thickness, which had swallowed not less than three large frogs. I have also seen a very slender snake that frequents the roofs of houses swallow an entire bat three times its own thickness. Of such be the case with these smaller kinds, it is not to be wondered at that one thirty-seven feet long should be able to swallow a horse, particularly when it is known that previous to doing so it break the bones of the animal by coiling itself round it, and afterwards lubricates it with slimy matter, which it has the power of secreting in its mouth."

THE VALUE OF INDIAN CORN.—For the following interesting information in regard to this little-understood kind of food, we are indebted to Hunt's Merchant Magazine:

"By those who do not know, or are too scientific to profit by the experience of nations of men and herds of cattle, Indian corn, rice, buckwheat, &c., are only considered 'good fodder.' Liebig states that if we were to go naked, as the Indians, or if we were subject to the same degree of cold as the Samois, we should be able to consume the half of a calf and a dozen chickens at a single meal. During excessive fatigue in low temperature, wheat flour fails to sustain the system. This is owing to a deficiency in the elements necessary to supply animal heat and the strong desire for oleaginous substances, under these circumstances, has led to the belief that animal food is necessary for human support. But the scientific experiments, and a better acquaintance with the habits of the North American Indians, have shown that a vegetable oil answers the same purpose as animal food; that one pound of parched Indian corn, or an equal quantity of corn meal made into bread, is more than equivalent to two pounds of fat meat."

"Meal from Indian corn contains more than four times as much oleaginous matter as wheat flour, more starch, and consequently capable of producing more sugar, and though less gluten, in other important components it contains nearly as much nutritious material. The combination of alimentary compounds in Indian corn renders it alone the most capable of sustaining man under the most extraordinary circumstances. In it there is a natural coalescence of elementary principles, which constitute the basis of organic life, that exists in no other vegetable production. In ultimate composition, in nutritious properties, in digestibility, and in its adaptation to the varied necessities of an animal life in the different climates of the earth, corn meal is capable of supplying more of the absolute wants of the adult human system than any other single substance in nature."

CURIOUS PHYSICAL PHENOMENON.—A young man struck deaf, dumb and blind. Ansel Brown, a young man residing in Westley, R. I., was the subject of a curious physical phenomenon a short time since.

On the 29th of October, having some business to transact in another village, a short distance from Westley, he was proceeding to transact it, and before he entered the place, while walking along by the road side he suddenly fell as though a dark cloud had been passing athwart his face, and the next instant he was stricken entirely blind. In a moment more he lost the use of his speech, so that by all his endeavors he was absolutely unable to utter a single sound.

To crown all, his calamities were increased by the loss of his sense of hearing, which instantly left him and then he was without the power to see his way, to call for assistance, or to evade danger by getting out of the way; not knowing what was next to happen. He stood like a stone, till luckily one of his companions, passing that way, saw Brown, and went to speak with him, but he received no answer. He shook him; he turned him round; but he neither spoke or opened his eyes, but pointed to his tongue, and anon to his eyes and ears. He was conveyed to his home. Pistols were fired near him without making the least impression. He was the incarnation of mystery. When he awoke it was with a spoon. When he walked he was led like a blind man.

He kept along in the same situation seventeen days. At the end of this time, Sunday morning, Nov. 15, as he was going to church, the cloud was dissipated and he again saw as formerly. He went to church, carrying with him a small slate on which to write questions and answers. When the music was begun, the sense of hearing returned though speech came not. During the morning service he wrote some on the slate, and when the preacher got through Brown returned to his home, rejoiced at the sudden return of his senses, and apparently in as good health as he was when he first experienced the calamity. We have the above facts from the physician who attended him.—*Providence R. I. Tribune.*

One of the certificates of death, written by a "physician of large practice," received at the city inspector's office, New York, reads as follows: Mrs. Karolyne Dowther aged five months and at days died with deficiency of life to-day under my attendance.

COMPOSITION OF MILK AT VARIOUS TIMES.—The Edinburgh Medical Journal says that Prof. Boeckler has analyzed the milk of a healthy cow at various times of the day, with the view of determining the changes in the relative amount of its constituents. He found that the solids of the evening's milk (13 per cent.) exceeded those of the morning's milk (10 per cent.) while the water contained in the fluid was diminished from 89 per cent. to 86 per cent. The fatty matters gradually increase as the day progresses. In the morning they amount to 2.17 per cent. at noon 2.63 per cent. and in the evening 5.42 per cent. This fact is important in a practical point of view; for while 16 ounces of morning's milk will yield nearly half an ounce of butter, about double this quantity can be obtained from the evening's milk. The casein is also increased in the evening's milk from 2.24 to 2.70 per cent.; but the albumen is diminished from 0.44 per cent. to 0.31 per cent. Sugar is least abundant at midnight, (4.19 per cent.) and most plenty at noon (4.72 per cent.) The per centage of the salts undergoes almost no change at any time of the year.

A Frenchman gave the idea to Mr. Holmholz, a Swiss *sawyer*, and the latter has found out how fast thought travels through a man's body, from which it appears that sensations are transmitted to the brain at a rapidity of about 180 feet per second, or one-fifth the rate of sound; and this is nearly the same in all individuals. The brain requires one-tenth of a second to transmit its orders to the nerves which preside over voluntary motion; but this amount varies much in different times, according to the disposition or condition at the time, and is more regular the more sustained the attention. The time required to transmit an order to the muscles by the motor nerves is nearly the same as that required by the nerves or sensitive part of the brain; moreover, it passes nearly one-hundredth of a second before the muscles are put in motion. The whole operation requires one and one-fourth to two-tenths of a second. Consequently, when we speak of an active, ardent mind, or of one that is slow, cold or apathetic, it is not a mere figure of rhetoric, but an absolute and certain fact, such a distinction, with varying gradations, really exists.

MARVELOUS GROWTH OF VEGETATION IN THE HIGH LATITUDES.—Bayard Taylor, retracing his steps along the coast of Norway, after the lapse of a few weeks, says: "I was particularly struck, during the return, with the rapid progress of summer; the flying leaps with which she clears her short course. Among the Lofodens the potatoes were coming into blossom, and the rye and barley into head; the grass was already cut, in many places, and drying on poles, and the green of the woods and meadows showed the dark rich character of the southern lands. Owing to this rapidity of growth, all the more hardy varieties of vegetables may be successfully cultivated. Mr. Thomas informed me that his peas and beans at Kaxford, (lat. 70 deg. N.) grew three inches in twenty-four hours; and that although planted about six weeks later than those about Christiania, came to maturity at the same time." Here is another popular illusion dispelled. What are all the marvels of tropical growth to this?

One of Henry Fox's jokes was that played off on Mrs. —, who had a great fondness for making the acquaintance of foreigners. He first forged a letter of recommendation to her in favor of a German nobleman, the Baron Von Seiditz-Powders; whose card was left at her door, and for whom a dinner was immediately planned by Mrs. —, and an invitation sent in form. After waiting a considerable time, no baron appearing, the dinner was served, but during the second course a note was brought to the lady of the house with excuses from the baron, who was unexpectedly prevented from coming by the sudden death of his aunt, the Duchess Von Elzom-Salts, which she read out to the company without any suspicion of the joke, and to the entertainment of her guests, among whom was the facetious author.

A SMART RETORT.—The following story respecting Lord Chesterfield, "the pink of politeness," is told in the "Memoir of the Rev. J. Hodgson, M. A." Lord Berkeley was once dining with him in a large party, when it was usual to drink wine until they were mellow. Berkeley was a plain, blunt John Bull, and had, whether by design or accident I am not told, shot one or two gamekeepers, and Chesterfield, under the warmth of wine, said, "I say, my Lord Berkeley, how long is it since you shot a gamekeeper?" "Not since you hanged your tutor, my lord!" was the reply. You know that Lord Chesterfield brought Dr. Dodd to trial, in consequence of which he was hanged.

Be prudent, but not crafty. Better do it than wish to do it. Borrow not too much from time to time. Bring your line to the wall, not the wall to the line. By others' faults men will correct their own. Care will kill a cat, yet there's no living without it. Cast no dirt into the well that hath given you water. Cast not the helve after the hatchet. Cleanliness is both decent and advantageous. Decency and decorum are not pride. Fair and softly go far in a day. VELOCITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMS.—A friend tells us of his dream: He dreamed that he was arrested, imprisoned, led down from a window to a scaffold, the crowd collected, the minister prayed, the prisoner made a speech and the sheriff showed him from the scaffold, and he suffered a protracted strangulation—and the dreamer sprang out of bed and heard the echo of a pistol fired under his window, the report of which that instant had caused all the scene to pass before his imagination. Professor Upham relates several like instances. Who can comprehend the mysterious path of the soul when the body is in the embrace of sleep?

A man who can endure to have his corns mashed without grumbling is undoubtedly possessed of a tolerably good disposition. One man being once at a political meeting, said, in a pleasant manner, to a big, burly fellow, who was standing upon his toes, "My dear sir, are you not a milder?" "No, sir; why do you ask?" "Why, sir, the fact is, I thought you were a milder, and a very honest one, too; because you have been grinding my corn this half hour without taking toll."

PLAYING THE DEAD MAN GAME ON A QUAKER LADY.—A Quaker lady of Philadelphia, who had frequently given her name to a little girl who said her father was dead, and not expected to live, was recently called on by the child, who wore a countenance more wan and sorrow-stricken than before, to tell her benefactress that her father was dead; all the money which she had received had been expended for a coffin and shroud, and she had nothing left to defray the further expenses of her father's funeral. The generous lady gave her \$10, and went among her friends and collected eight dollars more for her, and then went with her to the wretched abode, where she found the family wringing their hands and uttering loud lamentations over the body of a man which lay in a coffin placed on two chairs in the centre of the room. The lady, who was not used to such scenes of woe, and who was greatly affected by what she saw, hurriedly drew forth her purse, gave a portion of its contents to the little girl, with a promise of future assistance, and hastily left the room. When she reached the foot of the crazy stairs which she had ascended to the squalid apartment above, she discovered that she had forgotten her purse. She went up again immediately, and as noiselessly as possible, that she might not disturb the sacred grief of the sorrow-stricken family. What was her surprise and horror on entering the room to perceive the corpse sitting upright in its shroud, eagerly counting the gold which she left behind her.

A CASE FOR LEGISLATORS.—If I go into a grocer's shop and steal two or three pieces of sugar I am a thief, but if the grocer sells me a pound of sugar, and there are one or two ounces short, he merely sells things by false weight. I am imprisoned; the grocer is fined a few shillings and escapes. I am guilty of but one theft; the grocer, it may be, is guilty of a thousand, for he robs every person to whom he sells goods with those false weights. Now, can you tell us by what strange anomaly of the law the greater thief is allowed to get off so much more cheaply than the lesser? Why shouldn't there be the same law for both!—*Punch.*

NEW USE FOR RATTLESAKES.—The Great County (Wis.) Herald of the 18th ult. says that Seth Maker, a curious naturalist, residing near Beetown, has a spot of ground set apart for melons, on his farm, and near it there is a well known den of rattlesnakes. He has tamed these snakes, and by some mysterious powers in the spiritual department of science, is able to conjure them at will into his melon patch to guard the same from uninvited intruders. The snakes have been in his service all the fall, and discharged their duties admirably. Wisconsin is going to be a great country.

The truest courage is always mixed with circumspection. Time's chariot wheels make their carriage road in the fairest face. He is happy that finds a true friend in extremity; but he is much more so who finds not extremity whereby to try his friend.

AN EPIGRAM FOR THE TIMES.—A little stealing is a dangerous art, But stealing largely is a noble art. "To mean to rob a hen roost of a hen, But stealing millions makes us gentlemen."

Jones—the philosopher Jones—has discovered the respective natures of Distinction and a Difference. He says that a little Distinction frequently makes many enemies, while a little Difference attracts hosts of friends.

Washington appears to be infested with a gang of desperate scoundrels. [Exchange.] This is evidently an inadvertence. Congress does not assemble until the first Monday in December.—*Louisville Journal.*

A small locofoco editor says, that if occasion arise we shall find him good at biting and scratching. He is more accommodating than most vermin. They generally bite and let you scratch for yourself. [Louisville Journal.]

Jones, while engaged in splitting wood at Morphet, struck a false blow, causing the stick to fly up. It struck him on the jaw and knocked out a front tooth. "Ah!" said Bill, meeting him soon after, you had a dental operation performed, I see. "Yes," said the sufferer, "accidental."

In one of Alexander Smith's "City Poems" occurs the expression— "A sigh and a curse together."

Mr. "Punch" says that it was evidently cabaged from Sir Walter Scott, who said, in recording the death of a charger, "And draws his last sob by the side of his dam."

A young lady who wore spectacles, exclaimed in a voice of sentimental enthusiasm to a young ploughman who was walking the road: "Do you, sir, appreciate the beauty of that landscape? Oh! see those darling sheep and lambs skipping about. 'Them ain't sheep and lambs—them's kays, Miss.'"

An editor thus advertises his missing hat: The gentleman who inadvertently took our new beaver, and left an inferior article in its stead, will do us infinite kindness by returning our own, and he shall receive our warmest thanks and two apologies: an apology for the trouble we have given him, and the "apology for a hat" he left us.

ADVERTISING.—For a man in business to advertise, is like having a salesman, with ten thousand voices, speaking politely of his wares to tens of thousands of people, perhaps at the same moment, never offending, never obtrusive, never tired. How much would such a salesman be worth! Let every tradesman consider this, and then resolve the question how much a year he can afford to spend in advertising.

"GOOD FOR THIS TRIP ONLY."—At a recent trial in Broome county, New York, it was decided that a passenger having purchased a railroad ticket from one point to another, had a right to ride on any train he chose—stopping over at any place on the road, a day or more at his pleasure. The notice, "good for this trip only," was of no legal force.—*Exchange.*

An Orthodox Yankee expresses himself as follows, concerning eternity: Eternity! why, don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I either, hardly. It is forever and over, and five or six overlastings a-top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them up, and it would not begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friend, after millions and trillions of years have passed away in the morning of eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time.

DE KLANE'S VERMIFUGE LIVER PILLS.

They are not recommended as Universal Cure-alls, but simply for what their name purports.

The VERMIFUGE, for expelling Worms from the human system, has also been administered with the most satisfactory results to various animals subject to Worms.

The LIVER PILLS, for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINT, all BILIOUS DISORDERS, SICK HEADACHE, &c.

Purchasers will please be particular to ask for Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated VERMIFUGE and LIVER PILLS, prepared by

Fleming Bros.

SOLE PROPRIETORS, Pittsburgh, Pa., and take no other, as there are various other preparations now before the public, purporting to be Vermifuge and Liver Pills. All others, in comparison with Dr. McLane's, are worthless.

The GENUINE McLane's Vermifuge and Liver Pills can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores.

FLEMING BROS., 60 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. Sole Proprietors.

SCOVILL & MEAD, New Orleans, General Wholesale Agents for the South, to whom all orders must be addressed.

SOLD BY FISHER & HEINISHT, Spartanburg, So. Ca. DEAN & GOODGON, " " " " W. H. WATSON, Greenville, " " " " KERNAN & NORRIS, Unionville, " " " " JOHN A. HENRY, Laurensville, " " " " W. F. PRATT & CO., Newberry, " " " " L. P. BARNETT & CO., Yorkville, S. C. J. W. HARRIS & CO., Rutherfordton, N. C. May 7. H

Rogers' Liverworth & Tar OR THE COMPLETE CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, & ALL OTHER LUNG COMPLAINTS TENDING TO CONSUMPTION.

This preparation is getting into use all over our country. The numerous letters we receive from our various agents, informing us of cures effected in their immediate neighborhoods, warrant us in saying it is one of the best, if not the very best, Cough Medicine now before the public. It almost invariably relieves, and not infrequently cures the very worst cases. When all other Cough preparations have failed, this has relieved the patient, as Druggists, dealers in Medicines, and Physicians, can testify. Ask the Agent in your nearest town, who has been his experience of the effects of this medicine. It has been selling for any length of time he will tell you.

IT IS THE BEST MEDICINE EFFYANT. Below we give a few extracts from letters we have received lately regarding the virtues of this medicine.

Dr. S. S. Odell, of Knoxville, Ga., says: I have been using your Liverwort and Tar very extensively in my practice for three years past, and it is with pleasure I state my belief in its value, mostly given, and often administered with which I am acquainted, for which it is recommended.

Messrs. Fitzgerald & Bonners, writing from Waynesville, N. C., say: "The Liverwort and Tar is becoming daily more popular in this Country, and we think it very good. All who have tried it speak in commendable terms of it, and say it is very beneficial in alleviating the complaints for which it is recommended."

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Our Agent in Pickens District, S. C., Mr. R. McFall, writes us "that he uses it with great benefit in his own family, and recommends it to his neighbors." He gives an instance of a Negro woman, in his vicinity, who had been suffering with disease of the Lungs for years, attended with set very cough, who was relieved by the Liverwort and Tar.

Such are the good reports we hear of this Medicine from all parts of the South. For a report of the surprising cures it has performed in the West and Northern and Eastern States, we would direct the suffering patient to read the pamphlet which accompanies each bottle. To all we say, have hope, have hope